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The Boy That Could by Bolinlover123

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Summary: They come with prisise warning; a tingling in the tips of his fingers, a slight ache in his gut. His whole body seizes up, on fire and numblingly cold all at once. He can never move when it happens. He can never breathe. He can only feel this; terror. Horrible, gut-cherning terror from the pit of his stomach.

The Boy That Could

This is for you, Stranger Things fandom! Hope you enjoy. :) Based on some new theories and heacannons for season 2 about Will...

You have been warned.

They come with prisise warning; a tingling in the tips of his fingers, a slight ache in his gut. His whole body seizes up, on fire and numblingly cold all at once.

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It's the fourth time this week when the vision starts, in the early hours of the morning. But something's different this time around. It's not just barfing up slungs till he pukes red. It's not just flashbacks of *that place.* It's not even those horrid demgorgan minions come to tear him to shreads and eat him alive.

It's there.

It's horrible tendrils wrapping around his torso, oily tenticles cupping the side of his face like a mother comforing a child. In a odd way, Will doesn't want to hurt It, wants It to know that It's safe here, in the relms of his twsited nightmares. But It lets out a horrid screak, rattling the house and breaking glass and crimson leaks from the depth of It's fanged mouth. He shouldn't have thought anything. He should have just made himself stay awake all night; pulled another all nighter, called Mike or Lucas of Dustin.

But It's tenticales are curling tighter around him, crushing him bones and *air air air* he needs *he can't breathe....*

His gasping and wheezing is barly audible above the creature's constant shrill screams. He feels someting break- his leg, maybe? Yes, *oh, dear, God,* does it hurt. He's too out of it to even hear himself scream.

Just as It brings Will's body inches from his gapping mouth, does he feel the vision shift, the tingling in his fingers start again. The ache in his gut.

"Please," he cries, begs, "Please don't eat me! *Mom! Jonathan!"*

Crimson and slime from It's mouth drool on his face. Will's body tences with the fear of death and-

"WILL!"

Hands on his shoulders, the sinsation of sheets on his body. His eyes fly open with a scream and there is Jonathan inches from his face. Jonathan has a worried crease of his eyebrows and messy bed head.

"J...Jonathan...?" He blinks his eyes. He leg really hurts.

"Will, it's okay, bud. You're safe, I've got'cha," Jonathan holds him tights, bringing him in for a hug. Will tries to bring his breathing down to normal, tells his heart to stop pounding so feverishly.

"Jonathan!," he pants, "It was there! That monster! It happened again and it was gonna eat me and it had blood in it's mouth and fangs and it was gonna kill me it was-"

"Shhh..." His big brother tries to soothe him. He pushes Will off of him and makes him look straight in his eyes. "It was just a nightmare, Will. It's okay now."

Will swallows hard and forces himself to nodd. "Y-yeah...okay,"

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They go make milkshakes in the kitchen and watch stupid cartoons untill he falls alseep again. Jonathan assures him he's safe abaout a thousand times, and Will tricks himself into believeing it.

He wakes up early that morning, dispite barly getting any sleep the night before.

Mom amd Jonathan are talking in hushed voices in the kitchen. He peers into the kitchen and hides perched on the bottom step, ready to

run upstairs if he needs to.

"That's the *fourth* time this week, Mom," Jonathan's voice. He's frantrically stirring pakecake batter by the stove.

"Don't you think I now that, Jonathan?" Mom throws her hands up in the air.

"He's getting worse."

"Don't you think I know *that?"*

"Well, then, *do something* about it!"

Mom voilently folds a dish towel. The pancakes are burning. Maybe Jonathan doesn't notice. "What do you want me to do, Jonathan? There isn't exactly protocal in the parenting handbook for 'Son-comes-back-from-demonic- rhelm-and-starts-barfing-up-radioactive-slugs-and having-demonic-visions!'"

"Well, maybe..." his brother runs a hand across his face, "maybe those scientists at the lab can help."

"The same ones that kidnaped and toutured a little girl?"

"What do you want me to say? I just think-SHIT!"

He voilently throws the pan down, the burnt peices hissing in the sink. He goes for the water and runs his hand under the cold. His hand is already turning bright red.

"I'll get some ice," Mom says,

"No, no, I'm fine, Mom, really."

That's all Will can stand hearing. He's too emotional to talk to his family right now. He needs to talk to his friends. He goes upstairs to strip off his pajamas and head out to Mike's.

That's when he sees it. The mark covers his leg, the leg that got broken. The skin is tarnished with intricate patteres like inkwork, and ugly, purple bruises.

He leg really freaking hurts.